

## Reflections

by Julian Amsel

Category: Digimon

Language: English

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2000-06-05 09:00:00

Updated: 2000-06-05 09:00:00

Packaged: 2016-04-27 19:31:32

Rating: T

Chapters: 1

Words: 6,056

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: Izzy can't contain his feelings, and he nearly goes nuts because of it. =) I wrote this when I was going through my "yaoi fics must be realistic" phase... i must say, it's extremely cheezy.

## Reflections

> <meta name="Author"> reflections Warning, I repeat, WARNING! This fic has yaoi-ish stuff in it. Meaning, guys liking other guys in \*that\* way. Now, if this isn't a good enough warning, then I don't know what is. Flame me if you want, but I'll only take your complaints into consideration if you have a just argument and don't make yourself sound stupid. Got it? On with the fic! (warning: extreme cheeziness ahead!) ^\_^

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<p>\_\_\_\_\_ <br> "Reflections"

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Izzy sighed as he watched his friends play a game of soccer in the park. They had returned to the real world yet again, but of course, not without their tasks. Stress had taken its toll on all of them, and with the new evil crippled, the Digi-destined were taking a well-deserved break. A gentle breeze blew across the ground, bringing a chill as it ruffled his hair and blew through the threads of his thin jacket. He shivered, and turned his attention to the sky. The sun was already beginning to set, its receding rays turning the sky a bright shade of orange. It was a magnificent sight to behold, and as he stood there, lost in thought, he allowed his mind to wander as it wished. He often let his thoughts flourish... it made them grow, sparked new theories and imaginations.. but somehow, his thoughts found their way to the very back corner of his mind where his brain connected to his heart. He tried to push his thoughts away, but his heart was persistent, trying to speak to him and make him realize the feelings he had been holding inside him for months.

> "Why can't I stop thinking like this?" he muttered to himself as he thought again about one person, one special person that he cared about more than anyone in the world. Perhaps his mind was taking a

strange turn, but he felt that this was the only one he had ever really cared about in that way.... the only one he would ever really love. <br> He knew that he had seemed a bit distracted lately. He had tried to ignore his thoughts, but he couldn't, and somehow, it showed. He knew it. Somehow his friends could tell there was something bothering him, but they didn't ask what was wrong out of respect. If they only knew...

> He wished he had his computer with him. Whenever he was feeling down, whenever something bothered him, he could always hide behind it and conceal his feelings within its bright screen. But he had left it at home, not suspecting he would need it. <br> He shook his head, hoping that if he tried hard enough to push them away, the thoughts would somehow dislodge themselves from his mind. Of course, he knew better.

> "This is absurd." Izzy whispered to himself, voice bitter. "Totally and completely illogical." He glanced around, and spotted a small stream off to one side. "I need to clear my mind...." he thought aloud. Feeling slightly woozy, he began walking toward the stream. <p>

As he walked toward the cool, trickling water, the laughter of his friends fading from his ears, he wondered again about his feelings. It can't be right, he thought. Maybe I'm going crazy. I've heard stress can do that to you....

> As he sat down on the banks of the stream and gazed into the clear water, he considered talking to one of his friends about it. Maybe Joe, his closest human friend. He'd understand. Or maybe he could go to the root of the problem.... "No." Izzy muttered to himself, shaking his head. "Better keep it to myself.. If he finds out... he'll tell them... and if they find out, things will be different..I'll be laughed at even more than I already am. I can't let myself undergo such humiliation.... I can't let myself think about it. I'm sure it will pass." But inside, he knew it wouldn't. <p>

The crystal clear water flowed slowly, the sandy bottom clearly visible to all eyes. Izzy stared into the water, pondering the reflection of himself which stared back at him. "Things aren't always as they appear." he whispered to no one in particular. "You think you know yourself, and then... something happens, and you aren't so certain any more." He sighed, and closed his eyes, listening to the soft laughter of the water as it flowed downhill.

> Suddenly, the melodious sound of a harmonica reached his ears. He looked up and glanced behind him, wondering where the music was coming from. Not far away, Matt sat with his back to a tree, his eyes closed as if in deep thought as he played a sorrowful song on his harmonica. <p>

Izzy's black eyes softened as he listened to the music. That's pretty much how I feel right now, he thought. Lost. Alone. He looked closely at Matt, remembering all that he and the rest of the group had been through. How Matt was always calm in the face of danger. How he cared for the others, even Tai, though he usually tried not to show it. How he always had that 'knowing' feeling about him, that if you stayed with him everything would be alright, and nothing could ever go wrong.

> Izzy tried to hold back the thoughts that were flooding his mind. Don't think like that, he thought. Matt's cool, but he's not... you know. A nagging voice in the back of his mind pushed those thoughts aside. Think, it said. You don't have to say anything, but think, and accept the fact that you're you, and he's him. That you'll always be

who you are, nothing different. And he'll always be his cool, calm, handsome self, and you'll be the nerdy computer expert that you've made yourself become. You're nothing, and he's everything. He'll always be everything to you, you know that. Accept it! <p>

"Accept it." Izzy muttered, turning back to the water. His reflection stared calmly back at him, as if to say "Accept it, admit it, bear it."

> "I can't." said Izzy, slight sadness and intense frustration in his voice. "I just can't." <br> "You can." his reflection said silently. "You have to live with yourself, your heart, your mind."

> Izzy was silent, his eyes staring down at the image of himself. Am I going crazy? he thought. This is irrational. Reflections can't tell you anything. They're merely light and images bouncing off objects, not anything living. But what is really on the other side of the mirror? <br> "You are not insane." the reflection seemed to say. And then, it suddenly faded.

> Izzy blinked, taken aback. He looked back at the water in surprise. His reflection was still there. <br> "I'm losing it." he muttered to himself. "Totally, completely, absolutely losing it."

> He pulled his eyes away from the water, hoping that if he didn't tempt hallucination, it wouldn't force itself upon him. <p>

The gentle wind blew through the trees, making the leaves rustle with quiet laughter. It's mocking me, Izzy thought. The winds are mocking me.

> He shook his head, and took a deep breath. "Look." he whispered to himself. "Get a grip." Don't stop thinking, he said silently. Don't stop thinking. Don't try to stop thinking about it, and maybe then it'll go away. The voices, the feelings.. it'll all go away. Be logical. <br> He glanced at Matt again. He doesn't see me, he thought. Of course he doesn't, his logical side said. His eyes are closed. Duh.

> But he doesn't SEE you, his emotional side argued. Not the way you see him. <p>

Izzy sighed in frustration, and rested his head in his hands. He had felt this way for so long, and it was tearing him up inside like a ravaging beast. Was it possible that he had a split personality, that he had previously not known about? He couldn't go on like this any longer. He had to do something.... but what? "What do I do?" he asked himself softly.

> "Tell him." the wind seemed to whisper. <br> Izzy ignored it, his mind racing for an answer, any answer other than the one that stared him in the face. He looked once more at his reflection in the water. It doesn't matter, he thought. But whether or not it matters.... I'll have to tell him someday... it might as well be today. Maybe he'll laugh, maybe he'll be disgusted, but at least he'll know the truth.

Slowly, Izzy stood, his emotions clouding his mind. I've got to do this, he thought. I've got to go through with it.

> Trembling with nervousness, he began to walk over to his friend, mind swimming. Don't be afraid, he thought. Fear can overcome your thinking. The most he can do is reject you. And besides that.... you KNOW what he'll say. <p>

"Matt?" Izzy asked, voice shaking.

> Matt stopped playing his harmonica and looked up at him, question in his eyes. "Yeah?" <br> "I..." he swallowed, the words catching in

his throat.

> His friend looked at him patiently, the quiet calmness that he always seemed to have seeming to intensify. <br> "I...." Izzy bit his tongue. "Nothing. Never mind."

> "You sure?" Matt asked, tilting his head slightly. "You look like you've got something on your mind. You can tell me, if it's bothering you that much. I'll listen." <br> Izzy shook his head. "N-no..... just.. forget it."

> Matt shrugged. "Well, alright...If you say so..." he went back to playing his harmonica. <p>

Izzy walked away, cursing under his breath. "Why did I choke like that? WHY?! After all this time, I get up the guts to tell him I love him, and what do I do? I chicken out!" He kicked at a tree, oblivious to the pain other than that which was in his heart. Tears welled up in his eyes and he tried to blink them back, but resistance was futile. "Gods damn it, why does this have to happen to ME?! What did I do to deserve this?!"

> He suddenly heard the sound of laughter, and he looked up, wondering what could be so amusing. He realized that he had somehow found his way back to his other friends. <br> "Great." Izzy muttered bitterly. "Just great. I can't let them see me like this..." he turned to go, but it was too late. Someone had spotted him.

"Hey, Izzy!" Mimi called, running over to him. "Why don't you come play with us? I know you don't like soccer, but-" She stopped short, and looked at him. There was something wrong. He seemed tense, confused. That wasn't like Izzy at all. And his eyes were red, as if he had been crying. "Izzy, what's wrong?" she asked softly, reaching out to him.

> "Nothing." Izzy muttered, turning away from her. "Never mind it." <br> "Oh come on, you can tell me." she said, putting her hand on his shoulder. "What's wrong? Why were you crying?"

> "I WASN'T CRYING!" Izzy snarled, pushing her away. "Besides, it's none of your buisness. Just.. just leave me alone!" Ignoring her startled protests, he walked away at a fast pace, hoping that she wouldn't follow. <br> Mimi watched him go, eyes filled with worry. Sighing, she returned to the others, who looked at her quizzically.

> "Mimi, what's wrong with Izzy?" Sora asked, expression filled with concern. "We heard someone shouting.." <br> "I think somethings bothering him." Mimi said softly. "He seemed... out of it. Not like himself."

> Tai bit his lip. "He left... do you think we should follow him and make him tell us what's up?" he asked. <br> "No, no... I think he needs to sort it out for himself. There was just this feeling I got from him..... I think he needs to be alone."

Izzy threw open the door to his bedroom, tears streaming down his cheeks. He had run all the way home, just wishing that he could run away from his feelings, run and leave them behind in the dust. But of course, that wasn't logical. Nothing was logical anymore.

> He walked over to his dresser and pressed his palms against its flat surface, glaring at the reflection in his mirror through bloodshot eyes. "I hate you," he whispered through clenched teeth. "I hate you. More than can ever be physically spoken, I hate you." He stood there for a moment, feeling lightheaded, as if he were drunk. The feeling passed quickly enough, but when he looked at his reflection again he didn't see himself but a monster, a hideous apparition that had once been the him that he thought he knew.

Screaming in rage, he punched the glass, the force behind his blow shattering it. <br> Sobbing, Izzy threw himself onto his bed, his vision blurred by the tears in his eyes. He remembered that his parents were out for the day. Thank god for that.

> "Why can't I just be NORMAL?!" he whispered as he cried into his pillow, voice choked with tears. "I want to be normal. Not some computer expert-adopted-digi destined-homosexual freak! Normal..." <br> Suddenly, there was a knock coming from the inside door of his closet. Izzy looked up, blinking the salt from his eyes in surprise. "What the..."

> There was another crash, and Tentomon burst out of the closet, covered in dust and old socks. <br> "Thank goodness I finally got out of there. I was locked in there all day!" he buzzed, nearly laughing. The digimon removed a layer of dust that was covering his eyes, the cheeriness in his voice quickly fading. "Izzy, what's wrong?" he said, voice filled with concern as he glanced from the glass, which covered the dresser and the carpet surrounding it to his friend.

> "Nothing." Izzy muttered, resting his head back on the mattress and covering it with a pillow. <br> "Are you sure?" Tentomon asked, flying over to him, scattering a whirlwind of dust as he did so.

> "Just leave me alone." came Izzy's muffled voice, choked with sobs. <br> "You sound stressed."

> "Have you got dust for brains?! I said LEAVE. ME. ALONE!" <br> Tentomon shrank back, surprised at Izzy's outburst. He never acts like this, he thought. He's too tense. Too stressed. Something is really wrong...

> Tentomon flew over to the window and sat on the sill, looking out at the city. "I need to calm him down." he said to himself. "But how? How do you make someone relax?" He thought hard, trying to remember the kind of things that relieve stress from people. Tea. Lava lamps. Fluffy kittens. Lavender. Candles. <br> "Candles?" he whispered. A thought crossed his mind. There was a stress-relief candle in the kitchen. He remembered that Izzy's mother lit it whenever she was stressed, because the scent had a calming effect. It must be a human thing, he thought.

> Quietly, Tentomon flew off the sill and opened the door, cringing as he heard it creak. He looked at Izzy, but his friend gave no response. Relieved, the digimon flew into the kitchen and retrieved the candle and some matches. When he returned to the room, Izzy still had his head under the pillow, but his sobs had died down a little. With great difficulty, Tentomon lit the candle, wishing that he had fingers. It would make things so much easier, he thought. <p>

"I smell something burning." Izzy said, voice choked. "Tentomon, what're you doing?"

> "Just lighting a candle." the bug replied nonchalantly. <br> "Oh." It took a moment for him to realize what Tentomon had said. "Why?" he asked, peeking out from under the pillow.

> "I thought it might calm you down. You sound so tense, I..." Tentomon shrugged. "I figured that if I could calm you down, you'd tell me what's wrong." <br> Izzy sat up and pulled the pillow onto his lap, face flushed red with guilt. "Thanks, Tento. But... I don't think you can help me solve my little dilemma."

> "Even if I can't, I'm a good listener. Just tell me what's wrong." <br> Izzy looked at him, hesitant. "You won't tell anyone, will you?"

> "I promise." <br> There was honesty in Tentomon's large eyes. Somehow, Izzy knew his friend wouldn't tell a soul. Slowly, his voice shaking, Izzy began to tell him of the feelings that had plagued him for so long.

"I still don't understand." Tentomon said softly, after Izzy had poured out his story to him. "What is love, and why is it wrong for you to love Matt?"

> Izzy sighed. "I knew you wouldn't get it," he muttered as he fell back onto his mattress. He stared up at the ceiling, trying to stop his eyes from watering. "Things are different for you Digimon." <br> Tentomon looked down, thinking. "Never mind that." he said. "So you feel that way for Matt, but... you can't tell him."

> "Right." <br> "Write? Good idea."

> Izzy stared at him. "What??" <br> Tentomon looked up at him, a positive look in his eyes. "Write a letter, I meant."

> "Negative. I told you, I CAN'T tell him. Not even that way," Izzy muttered, shaking his head. "I just.. can't do it." <br> Tentomon jumped up on the desk and looked around for a pencil and paper. "No no, not... look, I didn't mean that he actually has to READ it. Just get your emotions on paper. It might help, you know?"

> "Well... alright... if you're sure..." Izzy replied. <br> "Sure I'm sure." Tentomon said, handing him some writing utensils.

> Izzy glanced at the pen in his hand, then at the paper. "I don't know if I can do this." he muttered. "I mean, even though he won't be reading this.... it's hard." <br> "Just try. That's all I ask."

> Izzy sighed. "Here goes nothing...." <fp>

"Finished." Izzy muttered, sighing with relief.

> "Feel any better?" Tentomon asked. <br> Izzy looked at his friend, who was curled up at the end of the bed. "Yes, I do... strangely enough, I do."

> "I knew it'd work!" <br> "Tentomon..."

> "Yes?" <br> "What time is it?"

> Tentomon glanced at the clock, then back at Izzy. "Midnight." he said. <br> Izzy groaned. "You mean I've been writing for seven hours?!"

> "Um.. yes." Tentomon replied, glancing at the crumpled paper balls which were scattered randomly throughout the room as a result of Izzy throwing them in frustration, missing the wastebasket by metres. "A bit longer than that, I think.." <br> "Great." Izzy muttered, rubbing his eyes. "And I've got school tomorrow.. just great." He got up and began randomly stuffing textbooks in his backpack, as well as the letter he had just written. A sigh escaped his lips and he leaned against a wall, the backpack slipping from his fingers.

> "Something wrong?" Tentomon asked, a concerned look on his face.

<br> "Nah... I'm just tired, I guess." Izzy replied, forcing a smile. "After all, it isn't every night that I stay up this late."

> "I see..." <br> "Look, I'm okay now, all right? I'll be fine." Izzy glanced at his dresser, the colour draining slightly from his face. "Well, I will be, until mom finds out about that." Carefully he stepped over the broken glass and lay down on his bed, his eyes heavy with fatigue. "G'night, Tentomon," he murmured, switching off his bedside lamp.

> "Good night, Izzy..." <br>

> They stood in a clearing, surrounded by thick fog. Matt was before him, blue eyes fixed in a glare. "Get away from me," he hissed. <br> Izzy turned away, his vision blurred by the tears in his eyes.

"Matt..."

> "Just go away, you freak," Matt said coolly, his voice edged with ice. He smiled grimly, allowing himself a cruel chuckle. "I should have known you were gay." <br> "Please, Matt! I.." Izzy turned around, his face hot. "I..."

> Matt arched an eyebrow. "You what?" <br> "I love you..."

> Narrowing his eyes, Matt took a step back. "Leave me alone, fag. I don't want anything to do with you." Slowly he turned and walked away, disappearing into the mist. <br> "No, Matt... don't go! Please! I..." Desperately, Izzy ran after him, calling out his name, each cry more desperate than the last. "Matt.. Matt! MATT!!"

"Matt...."

> "Izzy, wake up! Wake up!" <br> "Huh?" Blinking the sleep from his eyes Izzy sat up, yawning. "What the..?" He looked at his mother, who had shaken him awake. "What's going on?"

> "It's time for school." she replied, smiling warmly. "Get up, or you'll be late..." her smile faded. "Izzy?" <br> "Yeah?"

> "Is something.. bothering you?" <br> Izzy bit his tongue, frantically searching his mind for an excuse. "No.. why?"

> His mother arched an eyebrow, and looked at him strangely. "You looked like you were having a nightmare... and you were calling out your friend Matt's name in your sleep." <br> Izzy grinned, trying to hide the embarrassment in his face. "Nah, not a nightmare.. just a strange dream, that's all. Don't worry..."

> "That reminds me...." his mother gestured to the glass-covered ground. "What happened here?" <br> Izzy swallowed hard, mind racing. "I, uh.. was practicing some karate moves I found on the internet in front of the mirror and uh, I guess they really do work," he lied.

> His mother stared at him for a moment. "Strange.." <br> "I know, isn't it?"

> She shrugged. "Well, next time, don't break your mirror, all right? I don't mind you trying to teach yourself karate, but mirrors aren't cheap." Smiling, she stepped outside the room, closing the door behind her. "Get your clothes on and come have your breakfast, or else you'll end up late for school!" <br> Izzy let out his breath, relieved. She bought it, he thought. Silently, he wanted to kick himself. He hated lying to his parents about things. But if he had told her the truth.... Sighing, he shook his head. He wasn't ready to tell the truth to anyone else for the time being.

RRRRRIIIIIINNNNNNGGGGG!!!

> Izzy sighed as he searched in his pockets for his locker key. Another day, another class..... he was starting to wish that he was still in the Digital World. Joe might be obsessed with school, but even he could use a break from it once in a while. <br> C'mon, don't think like that, he told himself. Remember how bad it was?

> Finally finding his key, he unlocked his locker and removed some textbooks, trying to remember what the homework for today had been. He was sure he hadn't done it.. he'd stayed up all night writing that letter. <br> "Hey, brat, you got the money?" A voice from behind him, hard and cold. From off to the side, someone snickered cruelly.

> "I told you before, Chang. I'm not the kind of person you can bully into giving you money. Find yourself another victim, and leave me alone." Izzy replied calmly, surprised that he wasn't at all afraid. I must have stayed up later than I thought, he told himself. <br> "Do you hear that? He doesn't want to give us his money. How selfish." Someone laughed, and Izzy felt someone grab onto his shoulder, nails digging into his skin. He turned around and faced his attacker, trying to hide his fear.

> "Someone should teach you a lesson, brat." <br> Izzy narrowed his eyes, glaring into the eyes of the older boy. "I told you, Chang, I'm not afraid of you. How many times do you have to hear it before you comprehend the concept?" He nearly winced at his own words, realizing

what he had said. Chang was older than him, more than three times his size... what was he doing talking back to someone like that? For once, the answer was lost to him.

> Then, a strange thing happened. Chang smiled. <br> "You're right." he said slowly.

> Izzy let out his breath, relieved. "So you're going to let go of me now?" <br> "No." Chang's smile seemed to grow thinner, nastier by the second. "But I think it's about time to stop talking."

The blow came so fast Izzy didn't see it until it was too late. He backed up against his locker, clutching at his face, which stung painfully. The fists kept coming at him, pounding into his flesh, hardly pausing for a second before hitting again and again.

> Somewhere, from down the hall, he could hear a voice. It was familiar, but he couldn't place its owner. "Leave him alone, Chang," it said, cold and commanding. Gradually, the blows stopped. <br> Izzy slumped against his locker and fell to the floor, head spinning. His eyes hurt so much, he couldn't see anything, even though they were open. A moan of pain escaped his lips and in less than a second, he slipped into unconsciousness.

Izzy opened his eyes, slowly at first. The pain was still there, but he could see. It took him a moment to realize what happened. Gods, he thought. I must be more of a wimp than I realized. He struggled to sit up, groaning with pain as he did so.

> "Hey, Izzy." <br> Izzy glanced around, still slightly dazed from his experience. "Wha..." Looking up, he saw Matt standing beside him. "Matt? What..."

> "Are you okay?" Matt asked, eyes filled with concern. "Chang beat you pretty bad." <br> "I'm fine... I think... my eyes hurt, and I've got a heck of a headache," Izzy mumbled, squinting. "Where am I?"

> "On a couch in the office." Matt replied. He smiled slightly. "You were unconscious for a long time... the teachers were beginning to worry." <br> "Great." Izzy muttered, sighing. "Just great."

> "Hey, don't worry about it. You did good. Besides... he's expelled now." <br> Izzy sighed and lay back down, staring up at his friend. "I guess that's something I should be happy about," he whispered.

> Matt nodded, and sat on the other end of the couch. "I brought you your backpack..." he said softly, fiddling with one of the shredded straps. "Chang and his buddies ripped it up pretty bad, though. Your stuff was scattered all over the hall... textbooks and papers everywhere. It's a good thing you forgot to bring your computer today..." <br> "Thanks.. you shouldn't've bothered..." Izzy shut his eyes, cringing with pain. "Shouldn't've bothered at all.." His voice trailed off and he fell silent.

> Matt fell silent for a moment, thinking. He sighed, running his fingers through his thickly gelled hair. Looking over at Izzy, he realized his friend had either blacked out again or fallen asleep. Maybe he had a tough night, he thought to himself. <br> As quietly as possible, Matt reached into his pocket and pulled out a yellow sheet of paper. He had found it on the floor after the fight, and wouldn't have given it much thought, except for one small fact... it had his name on it.

> He unfolded it carefully, wondering if he was doing the right thing. Then, shrugging off the slight feeling of guilt, he began to read. <p>

Dear Matt:

> I know you'll probably never read this, but I'm writing it with the hope that if I get my feelings on paper, they won't pester me nearly as much. You see... ever since I met you, I had feelings for you. I know I shouldn't feel this way, but I still do, no matter what remedy I try to stop it, it keeps coming back. In the Digital World, I would lay awake at night and watch you sleep, and I would wish that it was me that you were holding instead of TK... I know this seems foolish, but I love you. Or is love even the right word? It has so many definitions... But somehow, I know it is love I feel for you.   
 I know you don't feel the same way. That's why I kept it inside all this time.. I thought that if I told you, you'd laugh at me, or even worse, hate me because of it.

> Today, in the park, when you asked me what was wrong.. I was trying to tell you how I feel for you. But I couldn't. I'm afraid, Matt. Afraid of the way I feel. I just couldn't tell you... it's tearing me up inside, but still, I can't tell you.   
 Maybe after I finish writing this, I'll feel better about it. Maybe. Because.. I know you can never love me. Maybe this letter will help me accept it.

> -Izzy <p>

Matt blinked, eyes widening in disbelief. He could feel a blush of self-consciousness rising in his cheeks.

> "So that's why he always acts different around me," he whispered.   
 <br> "Yeah.."

> Matt jumped with surprise and looked over at Izzy, who was sitting up, having recovered from his black out. The younger boy avoided his gaze, a look of embarrassment and bitterness in his eyes.   
 "So you read it," Izzy muttered. "Great. Now you can just say you hate me, and walk away. Don't bother talking to me ever again." He struggled to hold back the tears which were forming in his eyes.

> "Izzy... it's all right. I don't hate you." Matt stood and walked over to him, sinking down to his knees so he could be level with his friend. "I don't hate you." he repeated, voice unusually quiet.   
 "You're just saying that..."

> Matt shook his head and reached out to touch Izzy's shoulder, hesitating when he saw the younger boy cringe. "No... Izzy, look... I've had things like this happen before... I don't hate you."   
 Izzy looked at him, biting his lip in thought. "Are you sure? We can still... um.. be friends?"

> Matt nodded, and smiled. "I'm sure. And of course I'm still your friend... did you really think something like this would bother me? Nah.. not on your life. I mean, just look at Sora! She was obsessed with me for a loooong time.. and you see us around, we're still friends. Why would you be any different?"   
 Izzy replied, voice barely audible. "I just thought....."

> "Well, you thought wrong, for once."   
 There was a long silence. So he doesn't hate me, Izzy thought. The fact that I love him doesn't bother him... Well, if I can't gain, at least I haven't lost.

> <br> Izzy jumped, his thoughts interrupted by the class bell.

> "I've got to go," Matt muttered, gathering his books. "Gotta get to science class. I was only allowed to stay with you during first period.." He smiled at Izzy apologetically. "Sorry, but I really gotta go."   
 "That's okay.. I don't mind.." Izzy sighed, and shook his head. "I don't mind."

> "I guess.. you want this back." Smiling slightly, Matt pressed the note into Izzy's hand. "It's not much use any more."   
 "I guess you're right.." came Izzy's soft reply.

> "See ya.." Matt whispered as he stepped out of the room, casting a last glance over his shoulder before taking off down the hall.   
 "Bye.." Izzy murmured. A sigh escaped his lips and he closed his

eyes, fingers clutching at the paper as if it were a precious treasure.

Fog. Fog, everywhere. And darkness, seeming to envelope everything. Izzy stood and looked around, blinking. "Where am I?" he muttered to himself.

> "You're here, obviously." A voice from behind him, astonishingly similar to his own. <br> Izzy turned around slowly, eyes opening wide as he spotted who had spoken to him. "Who are you?" he whispered. A strange question, because before him stood someone he knew all too well. He was short, with brownish-orange hair and intelligent black eyes and a certain kind of smile which seemed to say 'I know more than you think'. He wore an orange button-down shirt and khaki shorts, and bright purple sneakers with yellow lightning bolts. In short, he was the perfect image of Izzy himself.

> "Who am I? The question is... who are you?" <br> "I don't understand," Izzy said softly, running his fingers through his hair.

> His reflection smiled and crossed his arms, eyes seeming to be filled with a spark of amusement. "Why is that?" he asked, smirking. <br> "I..you...you look exactly like me. But I'm.. myself.." for once in his life, Izzy was fully, extremely confused.

> "I'm you, and you are me. We're the same person... and yet, different." the reflection chuckled. "Ever wonder who was looking back at you in the mirror? It's not just an image, it's real. It's your thoughts, your feelings, your mind. Who I am is.. you." <br> "So you're my.. sub conscience?"

> "Something like that," the reflection replied. He arched an eyebrow, his smirk fading. "Izzy.. what are you feeling right now?" <br> "Other than confused and lost? I feel..." Izzy hesitated, searching his emotions. "At peace," he said at last. "Like a burden was lifted off my shoulders.."

> "You feel truly happy, for the first time in quite a while. Things aren't what they appeared to be... You know you're not a monster. You're free... free of your hatred for yourself." The reflection smiled. "Wake up, Izzy." having said these few words, he stepped back, disappearing into the fog. <p>

Izzy sat bolt upright, blinking. "What the.." he whispered, mind flooded with thoughts. Strangely enough, his headache had dissolved, and his eyes no longer throbbed with pain. What happened? he thought. Was it just a dream?

> He looked down at the letter, which he still held tightly in his hand. A thought flashed through his mind, and he smiled. I'm free, he thought, letting the paper fall. Free of the monster inside of me. <p>

Author's notes: one word: CHEEZY!!!! \*sweatdrop\* man. This thing sat on my desktop for months before I got it finished! Bah! And I couldn't think up a good ending.. oh well. \*shrugs\* I guess it could've ended up worse. Don't ask me what all the illusion stuff was about, 'cause I don't know. I guess I figured it'd be kinda cool to see Izz-man be kinda crazy for once. And don't ask me how the heck he managed to shatter that mirror, 'cause i KNOW the little guy wouldn't be able to pack that much of a punch. ^\_^ oh well. Questions? Comments? Flames? Bring 'em on. Oh, and I'm going to write a straight version of this.. but it won't be what you'll expect. ^\_^

> <p>

End  
file.